Entrer Frier with Lanthorne, Crowe, and Spade.

Frier. S. Frances be my speede, how oft to night
Haue my old feet stumbled at graues? Whoes there?
Man. Heeres one, a friend, and one that knowes you well.
Frier. Blisse be vpon you. Tell me good my friend
What torch is yond that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyelesse sculles: as I discerne,
It burneth in the *Capels* monument.
Man. It doth so holy sir, and theres my maister, one that you
Frier. Who is it? (loue.
Man. *Romeo.*
Frier. How long hath he bin there?
Man. Full halfe an houre.
Frier. Go with me to the Vault.
Man. I dare not sir.
My Master knowes not but I am gone hence,
And fearefully did menace me with death
If I did stay to looke on his entents.
Frier. Stay then ile go alone, feare comes vpon me.
O much I feare some ill vnthriftie thing.
Man. As I did sleepe vnder this yong tree heere,
I dreampt my maister and another fought,
And that my maister slew him.
Frier. *Romeo.*
Alack alack, what bloud is this which staines
The stony entrance of this Sepulchre?
What meane these maisterlesse and goarie swords
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?
Romeo, oh pale! who else, what *Paris* too?
And steept in bloud? ah what an vnkind hower
Is guiltie of this lamentable chance?
The Lady stirres.
Iuli. O comfortable Frier, where is my Lord?
I do remember well where I should be:
And there I am, where is my *Romeo*?
Frier. I heare some noyse Lady, come from that nest

Of

Of death, contagion, and vnnaturall sleepe,
A greater power then we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents, come, come away,
Thy husband in thy bosome there lies dead:
And *Paris* too, come ile dispose of thee,
Among a Sisterhood of holy Nunnes:
Stay not to question, for the watch is comming,
Come go good *Iuliet*, I dare no longer stay.

Exit.

Iuli. Go get thee hence, for I will not away.
Whats heere? a cup closd in my true loues hand?
Poison I see hath bin his timelesse end:
O churle, drunke all, and left no friendly drop
To help me after, I will kisse thy lips,
Happlie some poyson yet doth hang on them,
To make me dye with a restoratiue.
Thy lips are warme.

Enter Boy and Watch.

Watch. Leade boy, which way.
Iuli. Yea noise? then ile be briefe. O happy dagger
This is thy sheath, there rust and let me dye.
Watch boy. This is the place there where the torch doth burne.
Watch. The ground is bloudie, search about the Churchyard.
Go some of you, who ere you find attach.
Pittifull sight, heere lies the Countie slaine,
And *Iuliet* bleeding, warme, and newlie dead:
Who heere hath laine this two daies buried:
Go tell the Prince, runne to the *Capulets*,
Raise vp the *Mountagues*, some others search,
We see the ground whereon these woes do lye,
But the true ground of all these piteous woes
We cannot without circumstance descry.

Enter Romeos man.

Watch. Heres *Romeos* man, we found him in the Churchyard.
Chief. watch. Hold him in safetie till the Prince come hither.

Enter Frier, and another Watchman.

3. *Watch.* Here is a Frier that trembles, sighes, and weepes,

We